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## AGREEMENT OF SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

The first impressions of God's manifest power and glory are undoubtedly derived from nature. But the only sure and abiding convictions, that He is not merely powerful and wise and glorious, but also benevolent, loving and good, are drawn from the revelation of his will. Science, therefore, when she is the true and faithful interpreter of nature, cannot disagree with the right understanding and appreciation of the truths contained in the Inspired Volume.

Our knowledge of an all-powerful Creator, may begin with his works; but the knowledge of an ever-loving Father must begin and end in his Word. And were it not that both of these kinds of knowledge are in harmony, it might indeed be doubted whether Science really was "the handmaid of religion." Did not the voice of God addressing us in nature speak more intelligibly and lovingly in the Bible, it could hardly be told that it was one and the same voice. If Reason were not, in some measure restrained or directed in its labours by the higher objects of Faith, the results of those labours might well be pronounced vain. Before the revelation of God's will had been communicated to men, philosophy was religion. Aesthetic culture was then predominant, and how it left the soul unsatisfied, may be learned from the relics of a hoary antiquity, on which it has left recorded its earnest but ineffectual longings after truth. But now, instead of stumbling over a benighted pathway in search of

the light of life, she turns to the more delightful and profitable employment of tracing the ways of Deity in the natural world. Her nameless wanderings have happily ceased, and "the Jacob's ladder of truth let down from heaven is now the common highway" on which her numerous votaries, "are content to toil upwards to the object of their desires." How different, then, is her condition now, from what it was in that olden time, ere she heard the voice from Sinai, or ever the songs from Sion's hill mingling with the murmuring music of "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God," had greeted her ears—when she went out on her high and stately march through the universe, seeking after God, and calling for Him in the hollow Infinite with an anxious call unto which no answer came; and was forced to return after so weary a search, weeping, because she had not seen Him and talked with Him face to face, but only traced a few distinct footprints along His star-dusted pathway of the skies. When she would know in these days, how and by whom all things came into being and are sustained, though searching diligently in second causes, and though going back, it may be, to that remote period, when this now solid earth *may* have floated "a mere wisp of vapour" in the upper air, and though even thence gazing out on a dim and awful immensity for some still antecedent cause, yet is she pleased and satisfied to learn in her perplexity, from the Guide that meets her there, that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Where philosophy stops, therefore, revelation begins. Where the one fails in its communications of knowledge, the other is most full and explicit. One might be called the precursor of the other; and often does Science like the "rosy-fingered Dawn" unbar the gates of morning in the soul, to let in that sun which never sets.

While, then, the relations of all sound philosophy to revealed religion are thus most intimate, they are also as peaceful and harmonious as they are intimate. It is only when science forsakes her true vocation and becomes unmindful of the interests humanity has entrusted to her keeping that these relations are disturbed. When she becomes proud and swelled with conceit, strutting with no unsandalled feet on holy ground; and regardless of God's glory vainly endeavors to substitute second causes for the great first Cause—it is then

that she introduces discord into the kingdom of knowledge. Or when she would mix the pure doctrines of the Bible with her own vain babblings, the symmetry of the forms of both reason and faith is destroyed, and there is nothing left but a Gnostic monster, or a Pantheistic goblin.

But when science is humble,—as all true science is—when she knows her proper place and remembers that she is of the earth, earthy, and bows her adoring head as God passes by, or when she rises from the contemplation of the volume of his works to repose her trust in the volume of his Word, then may she indeed, become a fit companion to walk lovingly and confidentially, hand in hand with her white-robed sister, religion. Science is permitted, nay it is her business to inquire diligently into the works of God,—and the more diligently the better—but she is not privileged to go beyond the prescribed limits of reason—she may take huge sweeps into Infinity, but may not direct too curious or irreverent a glance at the Infinite Jehovah—she may bring her artillery to bear on some resisting world in the remote borders of her kingdom—and even, if possible, reduce the nebulae, subjecting them to the laws of harmonious and well-organized systems—but let her have a care how she attacks “the throne and equipage of God’s almightiness.” The trusting Christian may be often called upon to defend his faith from the assaults of a false philosophy, but above the roar of the onset of ever so multitudinous a host, he hears the voice of his great Captain, bidding him, “fear not, neither be dismayed,” and not the bristling spears can turn his eye from the day-star leading him on to glory and to immortality. He knows the Bible to be true, for he has felt the influence of its heavenly messages in his own soul; and however a sceptical philosophy may confound his intellect by throwing difficulties around the evidences of its truth, yet he clings to it as his best, his surest and only treasure. For him, science can shed no new light on the pages of Inspiration; and he needs no further testimony concerning the truth than a “thus saith the Lord.”

But there are those in the world, who are in perpetual fear, lest science should make discoveries, if not contradictory, at least in no strict agreement with Holy Writ, and who like the pious but melancholy Cowper have a certain

propensity to become nervous, when some impious geologist would

"drill and bore  
The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register by which we learn,  
That he who made it, and revealed its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age."

Or, if perchance, a fish-bone, or a sea-shell should be picked up on a hill-top, or a bowlder be found carried from its native mountain crag, why, then faith exults over these *sensible* confirmations of the truth of an universal deluge—just as if nature must be ransacked to know assuredly, whether an inspired prophet wrote a true account of the flood or a false one. This feeling ought to have died out with that age to which it properly belongs—the age of "plastic virtues"—"freaks of nature"—"fortuitous concurrences of atoms"—and of that wisdom which in the learned anatomist's room profoundly thought fossil elephants to be the bones of the fallen angels—the age of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life—the astrologer's horoscope and the priest's absolution from future torments—an age when, as one says, "monsters and madmen were canonized, and Galileo, blind in a dungeon." It is a mistaken feeling, arising out of gross misconceptions concerning the object of science and the design of the Scriptures. In the judgment of a great philosopher, "it is not safe to induce any verity or persuasion concerning the points of faith out of the contemplation of nature, or ground of human knowledge," for when religion and philosophy are thus "commixed" great prejudice attends both.

The Christian faith is not built on science—but upon "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"—and therefore it depends not upon, nor appeals to science for the confirmation of its truth. Science may plod its weary way through the universe—the believer in Christ is travelling by another path—a path over which many a holy pilgrim has gone before him into glory; and his attention is not engrossed by the objects of science, for the sounds he most eagerly listens for, are those which shake the hills of God from the songs of the redeemed, and the sight toward which his eyes turn with the most longing gaze is that of his father's house, eternal in the heavens.

And yet all true philosophy has done and will still do

much for "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." With the Bible for its guide, it has gone from discovery to discovery—scaled height after height in the ways of Deity, at every step exclaiming, "how manifold are thy works, in wisdom thou hast made them all."

While, then, the patient contemplation of God's works and the prayerful study of his word are the main sources out of which flow just conceptions of his Being and attributes—there also exists between these a beautiful harmony—an agreement, which, if not always perceptible to our short-sighted vision, is still there, testifying that God is not the author of confusion; and accordingly, that he has not given us Reason to wage war with Faith.

#### VERSES.

*"We all do fade as a leaf."—BIBLE.*

Fading, fading, all are fading—  
No substantial thing is here;  
Loved ones leave us;—we are passing,  
Passing to another sphere.

Beauty, with her 'customed smilings,  
And her love-inspiring eye,  
Fadeth, like the day-god dying,  
In the twilight summer sky.

Like to pilgrims worn and weary,  
Toil we on our lonely way  
Through this night of life, while gazing  
For the dawning of the day.

Like a stately pageant moving  
Slowly o'er the trembling earth,  
Pass the Ages dim and hoary,  
Bending all to sceptred Death.

And the tread of valiant nations,  
Thundering on in mighty line,  
Leaves a faint and fainter echo  
In the crumbling halls of time.

Yea, these bright majestic heavens  
In their nightly march proclaim,  
We are passing, we are passing  
Unto nothing, whence we came.

But when like a baseless vision,  
All have faded thus away,  
There is built a home eternal,  
For the weary pilgrim's stay.

On the hills of God it standeth,  
Rearing high its golden dome;  
And the song comes swelling from it,  
Welcome, pilgrim, welcome home.

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### SHELLEY.

"Defenceless as thou wert, Oh! where was then  
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear?  
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer."

There are meteors in the intellectual world which dart forth from the deep mystery of their resting place, flash across the far-extended sky, pursue for a short moment a wild and wandering course and then plunge into the darkness of nonentity. The world stands mute, and wondering, gazing with wild and troubled feeling upon the strange and dazzling sight, then turns blind and bewildered by the intensity of that light which has disappeared forever. Yet unlike the meteors which shoot across the quiet sky of summer's eve, and are lost in the infinity of brightness which surrounds them, the meteors of the intellectual world tinge with bright and golden sunbeams, the dark and ashen clouds which form their pathway to scenes of immortality. Their course is traced upon the dim and shadowy future in lines of light and glory. The halo of immortality encircles their brow, as they are about to quit the scenes of earth, and decks them in suitable apparel for the glories and splendor of an hereafter. They rise upon the wings of hope, they are wafted by the breezes of love, and depart from earth with the silent whisperings of admiration of multitudes yet to be, sounding in their ears like the murmur of the far distant winds. Yet their spirits linger among men. Their power is acknowledged and felt

when they themselves have long ceased to be, and their memories are cherished as dear and loved by all those who can appreciate the true, the beautiful, the lovely, the sublime. They exert an influence which never ceases. They shed the fragrance of the soul burdened with the sweets and fruits of divine intellect over the hearts of men, and bid them own that they possess the power of touching the sweet springs of nature, which are hid deep in the inner recesses of the soul. There was a spirit which wandered its allotted time amid the shadows of earth, murmuring sweet sounds in unison with the ethereal nature of its being, and then calmly faded into the bosom of that bright sky, to which it had oft wandered in its flights of poesy. The "Star-eyed Shelly" was a being nearly allied to the spirits of another world. His soul tremblingly alive to all the gentler impulses of nature, ever breathed forth those sweetest notes, which are like the echoes of music wafted on the breezes which float from regions far, far beyond the confines of earth. When his hand swept across the mysterious harp of poesy, it extracted music of wild and enchanting strain. It was not that uttered by spirits unendowed with the true inspiration of song. But 'twas a strange and unearthly sound a fit accompaniment to the sublime and awful notes, which arose in the days of yore, from the prophets those instruments upon which were played the notes of music flowing from the spirit of Godhead. He lived in an enchanted world. He wandered amid scenes never before entered by those of earth. He heard music, such as spirits only hear, in every zephyr that floated over the face of nature. In the communings with his own soul, he beheld forms and visions which he enshrined in heavenly song and fixed upon the tablets of the world's memory. It was in these strange and mysterious communings that he first beheld that "Spirit of Intellectual Beauty" which floated in the dim firmament of his existence, as a thing holy, lovely, divine. 'Twas to this phantasm he payed the vows of his soul, and uttered the prayers of his kind and gentle heart. It was upon this altar he offered the incense of his being, and which as it arose in eternal splendour exhibited the hues and colors of purity and sincerity. He looked upon it as a bright and blessed thing. To him it was an all-pervading spirit, which by an unseen and mysterious power controlled the destiny of existence, governed

the affairs of the world, and held in its grasp the weal or woe of an hereafter.

Much as we may regret, that a soul which seemed so nearly allied to Heaven, should be unable to see the evidence of a great and Omnipotent Being stamped upon the face of all things temporal, and should wander through the universe, vainly attempting to solve the intricate problem of a great first cause, yet we must confess that it was a pure and holy thing to which he dedicated his life and soul. It was a dream, a shadow, such as would only present itself to one whose spirit was composed of the essence of things more holy and ethereal than those of earth. We are not of those, who would, on account of this which is the only blot on the bright escutcheon of his existence, endeavor to banish his fame and memory from the minds of men. Nay we would rather exhibit him as an example of one who although endowed by the Creator with all the attributes of a being superior to the dull plodding mortals of earth, was nevertheless struck dumb and blind by the holiness and brightness of that Being, of which he appeared as a great and burning satellite.

A man's religion is a matter between himself and his God. It is not for us on this account alone, to scorn one, who in every other respect was a model of purity and excellence. It is not for us to sit in judgment upon the views and opinions of one; who gave evidence that there beat within him impulses which arose from a heart burdened with the true essence of love and kindness. Let us rather look with fear and trembling upon the towering prodigy and take heed lest we in like manner should wander amid the labyrinths of error and darkness. The past is with the past. The sun of his existence has disappeared amid the shadows of by-gone days, and we are to judge of its brightness and splendour, only by the reflection of its rays, which stream in living colours from the dark clouds which surround it. They have dispensed their kind and genial warmth to the generation past, and when Old Time himself shall have grown gray with the frosts of ages, they shall still enliven and gladden the hearts of all those who possess the requisite qualities of mind and soul to enjoy those sounds which are but the vibrations of sweet music which is forever floating amid the vales of Paradise.

UASSAN.



## TO HENRIETTA.

Touch lightly with thy gentle finger,  
The string of some loved lute;  
The cherished sounds will with you linger,  
When all the strings are mute.  
And thus I'd have thy thoughts recur,  
When far away from *thee*  
To him who leaves a tribute here,  
For Friendship's memory.

Go grave thy name upon the stone,  
O'er which the brooklet hies,  
And though it be with moss o'ergrown,  
And hid to duller eyes;  
Yet from the eye of love, that name  
Could never be effaced,  
Time covered 't would as plainly seem,  
As though but newly traced.

When starry night doth wear away,  
Beneath the sun's bright gleam,  
Do we forget the moon's pale ray,  
Lost in a gaudier beam?  
Oh! with the stars I'd have you keep,  
*My friendship's memory*;  
And when I gaze on heaven's blue deep,  
I'll fondly think of *thee*.

SIWEL.

## INFLUENCE OF FICTITIOUS WRITINGS IN AMERICA.

TO CALL the attention of any considerate mind to the fact that the introduction of the Art of Printing has been productive of a great revolution, not only in literature and science, but also in the moral and intellectual condition of society, might be deemed presumptuous. But when we consider the state of proficiency to which this art has attained, the number of publications daily issued, and the influence exerted in this manner, as well as by the public press, all reflections which tend to make us conversant with the nature and extent of this influence, must be acknowledged to be both rational and philosophical, and may, therefore, with propriety engage our attention.

We would principally direct our remarks to the character

of the cheap publications of this country, and not to the public press; for it is free, and although naturally liable at times to exceed the limits of propriety, yet being dependant upon the people for its support it must receive the necessary restraint from public opinion. We would confine ourselves rather to the secret influence of productions read with a relish and avidity in private: where there exists no faithful counsellor, to remove the baneful and deleterious impressions which scenes vividly portrayed, are capable of making upon a mind under the influence of an excited imagination; no subtle reasoner, to controvert the absurd and equally injurious fallacies too hastily adopted by an understanding, biassed by the strongest passions and an overpowering sympathy; no friend to warn against the insidious poison so agreeably and artfully administered; than to those which are the topics of daily conversation—open to discussion and refutation, and for their moral character to the withering censure and condemnation of the presses of the country.

We are not, however, opposed to all *fictitious* writings; for there are many capable of exerting a highly beneficial and ennobling influence upon the mind, but it is the abuse of that *power* which we deprecate, and would endeavour briefly to expose.

Of these fictitious publications there is one class more demoralizing than all others, as being fraught with pernicious principles, and with more startling and refined scenes of guilt and dissipation; it is the French: and of this class, there is one author who far surpasses the rest, both in the celebrity of his name and the injurious influence of his productions—the wholesale demoralizer of his age—Eugene Sue, who naturally becomes entitled to our consideration.

His novels are made up of graphic descriptions, bold and vivid pictures of life, in which corruption, guilt-suffering and dissipation are fearfully portrayed. His style is bold and vigorous, and he hurries the reader on from scene to scene, and by a rapid succession of startling and vivid tableaux, keeps the mind in great suspense as to the result.

The plot appears to thicken as he proceeds—counterplots are raised; and when the reader becomes completely mystified, his attention being at the same time riveted upon the condition of the characters—then gathering his strength,

the author boldly and artistically removes the obstacles he has raised to obstruct the view, and suddenly presents to the eye one of those final fading scenes in which the *denouement* is portrayed. It is here that his talent is conspicuous and the mighty sweep by means of which the reality is disclosed, taxes all the powers of his imagination, intellect and language to their fullest extent; it is the trial point of his abilities and it is in this that he excels all the authors with whom we are conversant.

The grandeur and vividness of his pictures is remarkable; they are so well depicted that the mind imagines their existence before the eye. His imagery is exceedingly bold and natural and the essays with which his productions are interspersed, however faulty as regards principle, are written with a force which must of necessity insure attention.

Although he descends to the lower classes of life for many of his characters, yet unlike those of Dickens they are not pictures of domestic virtue amidst the greatest suffering, and although they excite our pity—fail to take hold of our affections.

There is no little Dot whom we can cherish as the best of wives—no little Nell whose affection for an aged grandfather, and strong chastity of principles, can induce us to shed tears over her memory.

His victims are invariably the ignorant, helpless prey of their oppressors, led forward as bleating lambs, to be immolated on the altar of crime and misery. All responsibility is removed, and they are placed in such circumstances that they fall not by their own giddiness and passion—not in consequence of their own guilt and original sin, for he desires its existence, but by the brutal force and power of those monsters of creation, who make crime their pleasure and wickedness their necessary pursuit. Crime is his constant invariable theme, extending throughout whole classes of society and sections of country; the persecutor pursuing his victims from clime to clime, through extreme dangers, through long series of years, through whole generations, snatching them from the gurgling whirlpool and the unfathomable deep to plunge them into a more ruinous abyss.

Death alone cannot satisfy his desires; but they must die; the victims of torture, deprived alike of honour, virtue, and consolation. 'There are few redeeming traits in any of his

characters. The man *blasse* with the world, who after committing every crime, becomes satiated and hypochondriac, because there is no object on which to exercise his vicious propensities; the dreadful Thug, or enemy and exterminator of the human race, who must leave his native clime to seek victims in another; members of the inquisition, who, goaded on by avarice and passion, destroy all obstacles to their plans without remorse, in fact, men-monsters, the dreadful scourge and abomination of the earth.

His works are severally intended to expose the state of the manufacturing and agricultural population, and to arouse the attention of the people to their sufferings and privations.

The condition of the agriculturists as depicted in one of his novels, (*Martin, the Foundling*), is truly frightful—subsisting upon a cold, heavy, compound of curdled milk and buckwheat flour, which falls with the heavy sound of mortar upon the ground, and a few pieces of black, viscous bread, sleeping upon the floor of a barn, in promiscuous connexion, with a few rushes as a bed, and a horse blanket as a covering—catching and keeping the noxious fevers of the morasses, without a doctor to visit, or the slightest comfort to alleviate the sufferers, without the benefits of religion, or the knowledge of a Deity; this is a life at which any one would revolt. Such an exposition of their condition cannot fail to prejudice the minds of many against the existing government, and may perhaps aid in sowing the seeds of another revolution. When their life is held up to view in such a light that death appears to be far preferable to life; that early death is shown to be the consequence of such suffering; when it is expressly declared that it is the intention of government to permit the superfluous population to perish, and let nature thus equalize the relations of animal and vegetable existence; the feelings inspired in the breasts of the people, must be those of indignation, of jealousy at the power and wealth of the upper classes, and of dissatisfaction at whatever succor may be afforded, since a total and immediate reform cannot possibly ensue.

The influence of such publications, however, upon the people of this country, where these evils do not exist, may be easily ascertained. Scenes of guilt glowingly described, and in particular those which remain impressed upon the mind, cannot fail to debase the public taste and morals.

When such glaring wickedness is exposed and published to the world, at first it cannot but startle; but then it is too often apt to reconcile man to his own moral condition, and may even afford an excuse for his slight *pecadillos*. These works when diffused throughout the land in consequence of their cheapness, are seized with avidity by all. They will find their way into the factory and into the cottage, and will be read by those of both sexes; it may be in an evening circle; and it may be that a single couple will pore over their pages. The injury they will effect can neither be estimated nor imagined, and as certainly can it never be repaired.

Nor is this an imaginary evil; one which might possibly ensue; it is inevitable; and as surely as the mind of the author is tainted by vice, so certainly do the taste and inclinations of the perusers become debased.

And are there no means by which this stream of pollution can be dried up? is there none by which these publications can be suppressed? or must they continue to circulate throughout our land, turning the heart—that true repository for love and the affections—into a receptacle for the most degrading passions; the mind from which we should derive ennobling scenes of pleasure and gratification into a source whence revolting pictures of guilt may emanate, and the memory which should afford us pleasing recollections of the past, and consolation for the future, into a blackened register of crime and its results.

May not the rights of the people, who must ever be the protectors of the public morals be asserted; may not the reputation of those authors, who ruin others, be openly blasted; and the intoxicating chalice which bears its poisoning influence directly to the soul, receive from public sentiment the brand which it deserves.

MEPHISTOPHOLES.

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#### POSTHUMOUS FAME.

It is no less pleasant than instructive to sever ourselves from the whirling, acting scenes of the present, and cast searching glances into the dim-lighted past. Not to look

back with vain regrets as to what might have been, but is not. This is the pining of childhood and becomes not the man. But sternly to examine what has been, what glories have been achieved, what difficulties overcome, what dangers met by those who have lived before, that gathering strength and purpose from our survey, we may wisely improve the present and "go forth to meet the shadowy future with manly hearts." By the study and contemplation of the past, we can correctly view the present, and wisely plan for the future. In our times we need the experience of those who, step by step, have erected the edifice of civilization and refinement. We need the aid of those who have gone before us, and if we would rise higher we must rest on the foundation and superstructure of the centuries, which have served their time and generation.

The savage, enveloped in the depths of barbarism, who lives now as those whom the Great Spirit first looked down upon, needs not the experience of the past. The present is to him an all-absorbing interest; his are the unchanged characteristics of a long line of ancestry. Hence he needs not to hear the exploits of those, who long since are roving in the happy hunting grounds, to excite him to the chase, or to war. Necessity and revenge, the twin offspring of barbarism, urge him ever onward. Not so with the civilized man. His place he owes to the exertions of the past, he possesses the knowledge and labor of many ages, hence his superiority. Here too arises his obligation to add a mite to the stream of improvement. But while the stream has moved steadily on, there have been times in which it has received great and sudden impulses from the deep unfathomable mind of man. The workings of the intellect, though unseen, unheard, unknown, far away in the depths of thought have burst forth in terrific grandeur, and swept away nations in its course. There have been men who by their efforts and example have given tone and character to an age, whose brilliant achievements have aroused the world to follow in their footsteps, and reap the fruits of their successful labor. These are the men whose lives it behooves us to study, and glean therefrom lessons of wisdom. These are they, who, as we gaze into the vista of the past, stand forth pre-eminent as benefactors of this race. Such men were Luther, Calvin, Newton, Columbus. There are

others too, who, though they be obscured by the dazzling brightness of their cotemporaries, are none the less brilliant in their own sphere. From their lives we can gather a drop to add to the crystal waters of wisdom. Yet these are they whom posterity remembers not, and who had been great but for others exceeding greatness.

Of the foregoing there is no fitter illustration than Vasco de Gama. Before his time the route to India was overland, and the bold merchant had to face the torments of the raging simoon as it swept over Sahara wastes, and the still more fearful trial of a savage people. The discovery of Gama however opened a way at once easy and safe, thus bringing that far-famed country within reach of all Europe. This discovery has lost much of its interest to the world from having followed so closely the voyage of Columbus. Still, if we leave out of consideration the ultimate results of the discovery of America, and compare the two only in their effects upon the age, then will the voyage of Gama rise in importance far above that of Columbus.

America was an unknown wilderness covered with dense forests and inhabited by savages, offering no inducements to Europeans to visit it except for its mines. India had long been the seat of eastern refinement. Its people had degenerated, but they still possessed many valuable arts. Its productions were sought for to minister to European luxury. Its gems and pearls and glittering treasure encircled many a jeweled coronet, and many a fair lady rustled in fabrics of Indian dye. America was visited only by those who searched for treasure. India was the resort of the wary merchant, sure collector of his country's gain. The discovery of America, though magnificent in its ultimate consequences, was then unappreciated. India had long been known, and its value was familiar to all; hence the discovery of a new passage was eagerly seized upon and followed. Indeed we may judge of the feelings of the age from the treatment of the two great actors. Columbus a few short years after his voyage was dishonored and degraded to the condition of a common highwayman. While Gama was honored and rewarded by his grateful country.

When from our times, however, we view these events, Columbus stands forth as the benefactor of his race, but Gama is forgotten. Why this difference? It is because we con-

found our present greatness with Columbus. We look upon him as the first pale face who trod these western wilds, as the man who laid the foundation of great and glorious republics. The effects of his discovery are as lasting as our globe itself. They are woven into our very existence, and thrill with our every pulsation. His discovery belongs not to an age, or to many ages, but is commensurate with the world. Gama's was the discovery of the age, its effects were visible but for a few centuries, yet those centuries will in the progression of man speak to eternity; and though the voice will not be the deep-sounding, overwhelming voice of a Niagara, or the smooth majestic tone of the "Father of waters," yet it will sound in the veins and utter its notes in the pulsations of all, whose features are marked with the blood of Japhet.

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#### DOMBEY AND SON.

*"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."*

To an uninterested spectator, the anxiety manifested by the novel reading public in the arrival of the January steamer, might have seemed ludicrous. And what was it that made all so breathless with expectation and desire to hear the further history of Paul Dombey and his sister Florence? Was it merely the insatiable curiosity of the boarding school miss to hear the denouement of a pretty story, in which, as is always the case, the young people are married and then live happily all the rest of their days? It could not be attributed to this feminine propensity; for young and old, the grave and the gay, the novice in the world of romance, and the hackneyed reader of a thousand fictions, all felt that it was the *first* part of the story which thus enchanted them. All knew that Paul and Florence were young and that many years must elapse before the narrative would assume the character of a love-story (i. e. a love story in the popular use of the phrase; for this is a story of *love* so pure, so holy, so tender and affecting, that we cannot deny it the name, even at the risk of violating that law of language as well as of every thing else in this our democratic country, the *Vox Populi*;) and therefore we must attribute this interest to



something deeper far. It is the answer of our *hearts* as they murmur forth corresponding melodies to those mingled strains of gladness and woe. It is the echo of our own memories to the past experiences of *our* childhood. It is the straining of our eyes to catch some flitting glimpse of that Heaven which lies about us in our infancy. And therefore it is that we have learned to love the book which can reproduce for us the consciousness of the past, and sprinkle over our brows the golden locks of childhood wet with the early dew of our youth, and shed once more upon us in the light of this "common day," the rosier hues of the morning of the heart.

Oh joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth *live*,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!

The principal characters in the book are so far admirably sustained. But we must dissent from that standard of taste, which could so barbarously deface the beauty of the last page of part V. by the introduction of that old maid, Miss Tox, in an absurd witticism. We felt as though we could have kicked both Mr. Dickens and —herself.

Mrs. Dombey, who first claims our attention, since she is in a very critical situation, is a fine specimen of one of those quiet, uncomplaining wives so often to be met with. She has no will but Mr. Dombey's, and if she had, is too well versed in the art of submission acquired probably through her native indolence and also perhaps from experience as to the futility of opposing such a husband as "Dombey and Son." And although so unpromising in the beginning as to make us wish she *would* die and get out of the way at once, that we may no longer be troubled to pity her spiritless apathy; she even gains our affection as we become better acquainted with her. But give us anything in a woman but "this certain degree of languor" this "want of power," this "general absence of elasticity" as Mr. Dombey's West End physician, Doctor Parker Peps felicitously describes that amiable lady's state of passivity. Miss Tox, a lady who was evidently made of "sugar and spice," although we would not venture to say which element predominated in her original composition, is a character of considerable interest. We are assured in the outset that *she* will never fail to get along in

the world for want of ability to "make an effort." With all our respect and veneration for that portion of woman-kind called old maids, we cannot forbear to hint modestly, that there are *some* at least of the dear antiquities, who very much resemble Miss Tox. We hope however, that the grounds for suspecting these remote analogies exist in few of these martyrs to the very popular and frequently adopted theory of single-blessedness. Nay, we are willing to forego the judgments of our riper years, and believe in the simple credulity of our childhood, that they are all good angels, who, on the principle of hooded nuns, have *veiled* their beauties that they may not be lured from their labors of love, (Heaven forbid that we should molest them,) giving children sugar plums, nursing sick bachelors, assisting at births, and attending the funerals of deceased sisters who leave behind them dear and much respected husbands, who need those consolations, who better fitted than they to administer? But we have said that even the apathetic Mrs. Dombey has not only excited our *interest*, but has also gained our affection. Yes, we thank her for having been the mother of that dear little Florence; we bless her for her mother's heart, and for that love which strong as death could give energy to her dying embrace and enable her to cling fast to "the slight spar within her arms, as she drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world." We must omit a notice of the minor characters, although interest attaches to all. Mr. Dombey although he gives the book his name, is as yet almost a nonentity. He is nothing more than one of those iron-souled, money-making men of whom the world presents many examples. With the pride and fancied importance generally consequent in those who have made their fortunes, having "wrung them from the world's hard hand and gripe," he is content to fumble in his pocket, play with his gold chain, and wait in impatience the culmination of his glory, when the world shall recognize him as the senior partner in the firm of Dombey and Son. He has no love for his daughter, because in being a girl she had thus deferred for six years his long cherished hopes. Poor Florence! with all her childish loveliness, she is cast aside as a useless thing,—"a piece of base coin that could not be invested—a bad Boy—nothing more." He has no love for Mrs. Dombey and heretofore no interest in her, except as the prospective

mother of contingent "Son," As the plot thickens, the only interest we take in him arises from that he has in "Son," who, in spite of his unpropitious introduction into the world, and the thousand little creases, &c., &c., which mar his visage, is *the* gem of the story, and the only reason we can give our readers for trespassing any further upon their time and patience. We pass over Mrs. Pipchin with her starched cap; Mr. Chick with his incurable propensity to whistle; (to which we ourselves plead guilty;) Doctor Blimber whose living impersonation in some antiquated formalities that pass before our eyes every day, attests too well the truthfulness of the picture; Mrs. Blimber, who professes her willingness to have "died contented if she could only have known Cicero;" Miss Blimber, whose system of stuffing boys with learning as if she were stuffing sausages, so severely taxed Paul's receptivity; Toots—the conceited Toots, whose letter from himself to himself from the Duke of Wellington we would willingly transcribe if we had it; Walter Gay, ay Walter and his Uncle, and all the rest we must pass by although their history is so intimately interwoven with those of our old fashioned Dombey and his sister Floy; but we must stop in that quiet hall of Dr. Blimber's house to hear the old clock tick, and listen as it continually inquires "how—is—my—lit—tle—friend?" Are not we "old fashioned" too? Have *we* never heard the old clock speak to us in language as strange? Have we never been arrested in the long hall by its almost human voice, and as we turned to hear its solemn beat, seen its figured face assume for one instant the transient gleam of an intelligence, and make us believe in our solitary musings, that "Things are not what they seem"? Or when sitting alone at the solemn hour of midnight, in the stillness of the chamber, have we never been startled with the thought, that we are not *all alone*? And have we never blushed to own in the presence of this life-like mechanism, that we shuddered in this solitary companionship? There are mysteries in Things, dwelling in a secret sanctity, which sometimes gleam forth from their dark recesses, which are "like the mysteries of dreams, which we can feel but cannot touch." But we have frittered away our time and space and have not yet touched upon the most interesting characters. The truth is, we have *feared* to touch this little Paul—this old fashioned child—this bubble upon

the golden river. It was not enough that he lost his mother and endured in his infancy all the ills which are incident to childhood, but when he had learned to walk about, instead of being sent out into the green fields to play, he must be put under the tutelage of an old ogress, who knew as much about raising children as an antiquated owl might be supposed to know of raising chickens. And no sooner is he emancipated from this thralldom, but he must be immediately immured in Dr. Blimber's castle! And, oh horror of horrors, another old maid is to be his protector and guardian! Was not this regime enough to make him old fashioned, if he were not so already? But his fashion was older than they all. It came from a far country.

The most touching incidents in the book are founded on the mutual love of the brother and sister. They are separated by Paul's initiation into Doctor Blimber's school, and only on Saturdays could they meet. "Oh Saturdays! happy Saturdays, when Florence always came at noon, and would not in any weather stay away." Dombey, as they called him, found it hard work to keep up with Miss Blimber's requirements. Poor fellow! what would he have done without Floy. In her leisure hours she studied his lessons out of books bought with her own pocket money, "and high was her reward, when on one Saturday evening as Paul sat down to resume his studies, she sat down by his side and showed him all that was so rough made smooth, and all that was so dark made clear and plain before him. It was nothing but a startled look in Paul's wan face—a flush—a smile—and then a close embrace, but God knows how her heart leaped up at this rich payment for her trouble."

"Oh, the might of a sister's love!  
Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven."

But although, as we have hinted, it is these exquisite bursts of feeling and tenderness that endear these children to us, we maintain that there is a reason which lies deeper down in our consciousness that enchains our attention to this book. What is the meaning of that "old fashion" of Paul? Why did he watch the waves in the moonlight, and sit on the stairs listening to the great clock in the hall? What was that mysterious insight "that saw what no one

else saw in the patterns of the paper hangings, found miniature lions and tigers running up the bedroom wall, and squinting faces leering in the squares, and diamonds of the floor cloth"? Why did the "portrait on the stairs always look earnestly after *him*, as he went away eyeing it over his shoulder, and why when he passed it in the company of any one did it seem to gaze at *him* and not at his companion"?

And by what strange intuition was it that "in the print that hung in another place, there was in the centre of a wondering group one figure that he *knew*, a figure with a light about its head—benignant, mild, and merciful," that stood looking at him and "pointing upwards." What means that mutual recognition and consciousness strange and vague that that meek eye had beamed mildly on him before? What was that whisper which the winds brought from the ever-rolling sea? What spirit swept the chords of that wild Æolian lyre, in harmony with whose strains his spirit vibrated and claimed mysterious sympathy?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
And the soul that rises with us, our life's star  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar,  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home!  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

The last scene in Part V. is almost indescribable, in which Paul dies; no he does not die, he only fades away as the hues of the rainbow fade into the azure of its native heaven. And "now the boat is out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?" "Mamma is like you Floy, I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough." "The golden ripple came back upon the wall and nothing else stirred in the room." Thanks to the dying boy for this transient insight of a future heaven, of which our childish fancies are at once the pledge and prophecy! With all our confidence in Mr. Dickens' power to please, we wish to follow the story no further, and we hope never to be enticed away from the golden visions of this dream, which though ideal is none the less real; may we ever hear the murmur of this immortal sea. There may be,

and doubtless are those who will see no more beauty in Paul's character than in that of any other good child; and may ridicule all this as rhapsody. Let them, if they will, repudiate all fellowship with Nature's Noblemen, that saintly few who wear a royal livery, and whose brows are stamped with a kingly seal;

"Some within a finer mould are wrought.  
And tempered with a purer flame."

*They* can never hold companionship with those whose souls, "like the rose-lipped shell with its seaborne strain" aye ring with the music of the golden ocean that brought them hither. We can only retort their ridicule in the sarcasm of all older fashion. "How can he get wisdom who holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the gourd, whose talk is of bullocks?"

### THE PROPHET'S RETROSPECT.

#### I.

By the holy mountain Horeb, drooping on  
the sacred sod,  
Sat the sorrowful seer Elijah, prophet of  
the living God.

#### II.

Night was falling slowly, sadly, drawing 'round  
it's wizard stole,  
In the skies above unfolding silently it's  
starry scroll.

#### III.

All unheeded—for the prophet, in the chambers  
of his soul,  
Felt a deeper darkness falling, saw a darker  
scroll unroll.

#### IV.

There, their sad and sickly shadows, Zion's  
desolations threw,  
And the picture of her sorrows vividly  
came o'er his view.

#### V.

Much I ween the prophet pondered, why alas  
it should be so,  
By Jehovah thus forsaken, languishing  
in want and wo.

## VI.

Mournfully in thought recurring, but with eye  
and heart of flame,  
To the breathing Past he listened as its burning  
voices came.

## VII.

Pealingly the clarion anthems, from the Red  
sea's Eastern coast,  
Seemed to swell in new hosannas, bursting from  
the living host.

## VIII.

As the fiery cloudy pillar lifting up its  
fleecey hood,  
Israel saw the mail-clad warriors chafing  
with the surging flood.

## IX.

But anon those anthems faded—faded on  
the prophet's ear,  
And he heard in brooding accents, murmurs rise  
distinct and clear.

## X.

Murmurs—as when waters murmur, in their deep  
and dreamy rest,  
When the air has laid its pinion, folded on their  
heaving breast.

## XI.

Murmurs as before were uttered, when the  
sea-girt Israel lay  
With the falchioned host behind them, flashing  
in the light of day.

## XII.

Manna from the skies descending, waters gushing  
free and fast,  
Fell into those fountains bitter, like the bough  
in Marah cast.

## XIII.

Sinai then, the dread Shekinah, rose amid its  
wreath of smoke,  
And the thunders as aforetime from its rolling  
mantle broke.

## XIV.

Well I wist the prophet started in his visioned  
journey here,  
For the ancient mountain Sinai reared its  
pillared temple near.

## XV.

But that glory was departed, and an awful  
silence now,  
Shaken from the wing of darkness, sat upon  
its lordly brow.

## XVI.

Hark! what din of pipe and timbrel, with the  
sound of tinkling bells,

To the beat of joyous measures, up the trembling  
mountain swells.

XVII.

Strong emotion then was mirrored in the prophet's  
eye of blue,  
And his visage stern and wrathful spake of tablets  
broke anew.

XVIII.

There the tented host of Israel, saw he thro'  
the glass of thought,  
Worshipping a golden Apis, by the hand of  
Aaron wrought.

XIX.

Mingling with the I AM'S thunders and the lightning's  
lurid glare,  
Rose their godless hallelujahs on the  
palpitating air.

XX.

Again!—"Tis the Levite's trumpet and the voice  
of laud and praise  
Pouring o'er the thirsty desert loud ascriptions—  
Zion's lays.

XXI.

Sinning still and still repenting, chastened sore  
but not off-cast,  
'T was a chronicle most faithful, and a transcript  
of the Past.

XXII.

Thus as with a fire-woof woven in a fadeless  
tapestry,  
Time and all things else surviving, actions of his  
ancestry.

XXIII.

Scanned the prophet—and the riddle it, had vanished  
into air,  
For he saw the woes of Zion, and her sorrows  
mirrored there.

O.

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#### MONTEZUMA.—A TRAGEDY.

Persons represented:

*Montezuma.* The Mexican Emperor.

*Nezhuapil.* King of Tezcuco.

*Itzlan.* King of Tlacopan.

*Cacama,* } Nephews of Montezuma, the former suc-  
*Guatemozin.* } cessor of Nezhuapil.



*Guilahua.* Montezuma's brother.

*Mitzli.* Mexican High Priest.

*Teutlile.* Governor of a province.

Inferior Caciques.

Nobleman in attendance.

Apparition of Papautsin. Montezuma's sister.

Couriers.

(CONTINUED FROM MARCH NO.)

SCENE III. (The royal chamber. Montezuma sitting pensively alone. Time, midnight.)

I cannot sleep to-night. The coy power  
Eludes me in the embrace. My very thoughts  
As though they groped into some black abyss  
Breed nameless horror. I seem in darkness  
To stand upon the scant and aery brink  
Of some grim precipice. An unseen power  
Like to the bony spectre of our dreams  
Urges me on. I feel the pitchy breath  
Surge upward from the throat of the black gulf,—  
One footstep forward, and it shall enclasp me—  
O heaven! Is this the rest of royalty?  
The solace of a sceptre?

[*Rises and walks to a window.*

Ah, here's the difference  
That separates the sovereign and his subject.  
Look out upon this silent pageantry!—  
O thou mild-beaming beauteous Deity  
That watchest o'er the sleep of Tenochtitlan!  
Orb which my fathers nightly worshipped!  
Shine thus into my soul. The noisy din,  
The breath and very atmosphere of cities,  
Has died into the vast and cavernous heaven,  
All, all, is silence; and the multitude  
Lie folded in th' embrace of sleep.  
I only woo in vain. Night is to them  
The sepulchre of toil. While all the wealth  
Of Montezuma on his gem-lit throne  
Fails in the purchase of that priceless boon  
His meanest slave can boast. Lives there the man  
Who would not barter sovereignty like mine—  
Having experience of its secret thorn—

For quiet and a kromlec? Yet this toy—  
 For such in my accompt I hold it,  
 Though dangerous withal—men pinnacle  
 On such a towering eminence of esteem  
 As makes it in the rude and plebeian eye  
 A thing of worship, and to nobler minds  
 An object to be envied, prized, sought after—  
 Most fair and specious to th' observance  
 It burns but in the grasp. And when the wretch—  
 Even so alas I find—would ease himself  
 By casting the accursed thing away,  
 He cannot.

Fit it is

That we who bear the general brunt of evil,  
 Making our breasts a mark and butt for care,  
 Do arrogate the scant and poor returns  
 Of homage, pomp and power.

[Midnight horn sounds.

Ha, midnight! How strangely does that blast  
 Fall on my ear to-night. It hath methinks  
 An ominous accent. And thus it is our thoughts  
 When all absorbed by some pervading interest  
 Give their own tincture to all shapes and sounds.  
 Our omens are but coinages of our own.  
 Objects like mirrors mock us; and we see  
 In the triste visages of our own shadows  
 New aliment for our fears.

[Retires from window.

These strangers—

Fearfully does my mind misgive me—Rumor!  
 Yet rumor oft-times is no idle thing.

It does not speak at random. What indeed is rumor  
 But truth attenuated? Most certain 'tis  
 The God hath drawn a curtain o'er the future

We mortals may not lift. O that— [Enter the Apparition  
 of Papautsin. Montezuma starts and gazes upon it in  
 horror.]

APP.—

Knowest thou me?

MON.—(Abstractedly.) 'Tis now six suns since then.

Her ashes

We laid them in the cold vaults of her fathers.  
 Alas, the day. She was my only—

APP.—

Knowest thou me?

MON.—Yes, my only sister. I loved her well.

Did we not wail her? And scatter grave-charms o'er her?  
And say the death chaunt over her? And—

[*Apparition offers to retire.*

MON.—(*Recovering himself.*) Stay, O stay!  
Ghost! Spectre! Whatsoe'er thou art!  
If, what thou seemest, the spirit of my sister—  
Stay, O stay!

APP.— I am Papautsin, thy sister.

MON.—Ah me, what bodes this visitation?  
Why hast thou left the mansions of the sun  
For earth? The smiles of the Eternal,  
And company of blest and sinless souls,  
For mortal converse?

APP.— I come

By sufferance of him, whose now I am,  
To warn thee of thy fate. The awful King  
Hath writ it, and the registry of thy race  
Is closed forever. Yet, O my Brother,  
Be not so utterly cast down in spirit!  
The god who hath appointed this still lives.  
Thy fathers from their bright and blissful seats  
Are stooping to embrace thee. Thou shalt reign  
With them where never-ending cycles weave  
The Almighty's lifetime. But remember thou,  
While yet the light of life illumines thy path,  
Keep well the honor of thine ancestors.  
Unsullied, it shall halo thy departure,  
And o'er the extinct sun of Anahuac  
Shed an undying lustre. Fare thee well.  
We meet again. [*Apparition vanishes.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

### WHAT IS SELF?

It is the incessant cry of those who seem to delight in stripping humanity of every plea for self-gratulation, and of every pretension to moral excellence, that man is involved in an almost impenetrable veil of vanity, uncharitableness and indifference to the wants of others, that he has fallen from his

high station as a worshipper of humanity, and her Deity, to a miserable adoration of self. Men regret that the time has come when, instead of the freedom and supposed excellency of the "*State of Nature*," each son of Adam has left off to care for the good of his fellows and has united himself to that fraternity called his nation, a league in which he never acts for the good of others, unless it is at the demand of the tax-gatherers, the public officer, or at the requisition of his sovereign for military service. But that each hour, and day, and year, is spent in the acquisition of wealth or learning which he designs for himself alone, so long as life will permit him its enjoyment. As this cry could not have continued so long, nor so loudly proclaimed, if destitute of truth, we are forced to allow it some consideration. If self—self alone rules this world, claims its admiration and care—we cannot do amiss, in enquiring into its nature. 'Tis midnight. All is still, when lo! we hear a faint cry, a small voice; not such as greets us abroad in business, not such as speaks kindness to us at home, not such as sounds in the merry laugh, where sinless childhood sports—but is so faint, so strange, that we are all attention. The clock, in the church-tower, strikes twelve. Forth from the rank and sunken graves, ghosts are quickly issuing. And soon the spectre host has left its hated home, quickly, noiselessly, invisibly, dispersing itself through the hamlet, greeting each spot, loved in life. And the garden of the dead again is still.

The chamber is dimly lighted. On the couch before us we see a female, and by her side a new born infant. Both are gently dozing. But who are they around them, that shadowy band? And who is he the tall, grim spectre with spear equipped, extending his bony hand o'er the sleeping child? A ghostly female form seems anxious to obtain the child, which he so sternly guards. As she retreats with face turned towards heaven, and sighs "of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—the infant utters another piteous cry, as if lamenting the decision—"A man is born into the world."

'Tis winter. The keen Wind rushes fast by us, and lends his might to the *skaters* on yonder lake. How beautifully they glide o'er the smooth surface of the "sleeping waters." Softly, gracefully they pursue the devious course of him who is employing all his might and skill to retain his place as chief. Now almost conquered, again gliding off with

gladsome shout, his capture seems impossible. The party rally once more. All encircle him, and making a few decoying evolutions, they rush with lightning-like swiftmess upon him. He starts, springs away; but the ice too weak to bear all upon its brittle web, gives away; the youth cries out with alarm, but the impetus of his comrades, carries them far from him, and the lake opens her cold bosom for his reception. The company now return and seek to aid him, the ready 'kerchief, comfort, and each object which alarm suggests is employed—in vain—he sinks. Soon he rises. See a youth, nerved by desperation and all the vigor which affection for the friend of his boyhood can impart, skates quickly by—extends his hand—they grasp—but just as the drowned youth is nearly extricated, their grasp is smitten asunder by an icy hand, which pushes his victim back to the prison of the greedy waters. And a form clad in sleet, the snow adorning his bony head and fleshless visage, exclaims in triumph, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live."

We hear the church bell ringing merrily on May morn, and see a group of joyous girls gathering around the fair object of their choice, whom they gladly crown queen of their festival. She pensively receives the beauteous token of their esteem, as they place a garland, lovely as though wrought by faries' hands, upon her golden locks. And as the new-made queen rises to proclaim the regulations of her flowery court, the mild beams of her gentle blue eyes ill-accord with the weighty vengeance which she denounces upon those who shall violate her imperial commands. In a few short days, that church bell sounds again—but not to a merry tune—slowly its heavy tongue, tolls forth the knell of her, whose joy it had so lately rung, and as the holy man commits her young form to the grave, her late crown, now placed upon her coffin, confirms his declaration, that man "cometh up, and is cut down like a flower."

Above we hear the sounds of raging delirium. We enter the apartment of the sick, and behold a strong man, fully arrived at the goodly time of manhood. Disease has smitten him, unprepared for such a fate, immersed in business, in study or in the pursuit of pleasure; he is undone by the evil which has befallen him. His body yields, Reason gives way, Insanity usurps her throne, and the man is subdued

beneath the power of the one "stronger than he," who has come and spoiled his house, Behold, he starts, he shudders, and now is enraged at the malevolence of some one of those demons, who continually sport with the new-made subject of their Ruthless King.

He now pours forth the severest curses and denunciation upon the tormentors to whom he has been delivered. As they coil beneath his imprecation and retire, their chief exclaims, "Man disquieteth himself in vain," and "heapeth up riches."

'Tis a fine autumn evening, the sun is just sinking to his cool rest, in his western home—the lowing of the herds on yonder meadow has ceased, all nature seems to have rested for a moment. In the humble apartment before us, see a family engaged in evening prayer. The grey-haired mother kneels beside her aged husband, on whose brow time has placed his withering hand—a youthful maid and infant boy complete the group. The fervent prayer has ceased, the united voices have presented their request in those best of words, and as the solemn Amen arises, the veiny hand of the aged parent looses from the grasp of the infant suppliant, and the approving pressure of his grandsire is not given. His time-marked brow is lighted by the last ray of the descending sun, but the pious soul has breathed itself to heaven. Speedy answer did he obtain to his prayer "let me be certified how long I have to live."

We have now seen *self* in its various modes. Each of the figures in our imperfect sketch, was a Self. The new-born child, the merry boy, the May-day queen, the man stricken down by disease in prime of life, the aged sire, all and each, belonged to our idea of Self. This cannot consist in the material frame, for the old man with snowy locks and furrowed brow, was once the tender babe. And the infant, will at some time be the bended and trembling sire. Nor can it consist in the circumstances in which we may be placed: for if so, the man of business, now desolate and stricken by insanity, would not be the same self, with the man formerly in the midst of prosperity. Nor can this identity consist in being esteemed such or so, by our friends or by the world; for then, when adversity or calumny, or forgetfulness, shall have removed us from the minds of men, our individuality must also be destroyed. Therefore nought material, nor of hu-

man opinion is essential to our Self. That is, our existence is independent of any created thing. It has ever been so; for we cannot imagine a time, in which aught external bore any different relation to us. If it be thus independent on created matter, or mind, does it depend on naught? By no means. But One alone has ever influenced it; He who called our souls into being. Strange then becomes the relation of man's self, to the one great Increate. It is that which has only communed with Him. Such was to have been its uninterrupted enjoyment. But sin produced the estrangement which we now feel. Yet it is not always to be thus. For though "now we see, as through a glass, darkly; yet soon we shall see Him, face to face." If such then be the nature of one self, to be independent of everything created; and such the dignity of its destiny, to hold communion with the Invisible; what dazzling brilliance surrounds the declaration—that 'Man became a living soul.'

GAMMA.

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### A STORM AT MIDNIGHT.

## I.

Hark, how the storm-gust raves!  
Thro' the deep cavernous hollow-throated night,  
As through a thousand high o'er-vaulted naves,  
Bursting in might,

## II.

Aye, verily, it hath  
A might—a power. Like some embodied thing  
Hurling and surging on its dragon-path—  
A Jotun-king.

## III.

Rave on, rave on, O blast!  
Thou art the neighing courser of the storm,  
And bearest on thy pennons free and fast  
His rugged form.

## IV.

Behold, eye sees thee not,  
For thou art bodiless to the visual sight.  
Not to the spirits—through this Egypt blot  
It tracks thy flight.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

AN apology for the late appearance of the present number of the Monthly, is doubtless expected. It should be borne in mind, however, that it was not due until the 7th, and we hope it will suffice to say, that the delay since has been unavoidable. As far as we are concerned it might have appeared in full time, but an unusual press of business, on the printer's hands, rendered its previous issue impracticable.

A limited space is left us to confer with our readers and correspondents. Had we the room, there would be no deficiency of matter upon which to discourse. The world without our college walls, and our world within them, each afford ample material for reflection and discussion. Though personally more intimately concerned about the latter, we cannot fail to take a deep and an abiding interest in the former.

The heavy hand of a chastising Providence seems at this moment to rest universally upon the world. Pestilence and famine, and war, in the various quarters of the globe, combine in the work of human slaughter. In Asia the dreaded cholera is slaying its thousands and its tens of thousands: and with giant stride is fast progressing towards the confines of Europe. It may be that ere another twelve months have passed by, the scenes of '32 will be re-enacted in the streets of Paris, and in after years another Eugene Sue arise to record the reckless excesses of a time in which his prototype fell among the earliest victims of the pestilence. We can but hope that some heaven sent messenger will arrest the scourge in its course, and avert from Christendom a calamity so fearful. While disease is doing its work in Asia, famine is removing its victims in Europe. The wailing of the dying and the destitute is reverberated amid the fastnesses of the Highlands of Scotland, and its echo caught up again amid the bogs and morasses of Ireland but to be borne above the roar of the ocean to our Cis-Atlantic ears. Nor have these cries of anguish, we are proud to say, fallen on American ears in vain. They have awakened a sympathy, which deals more in acts than words. Vessel after vessel has parted from its moorings in our waters, freighted with the offerings of a pure philanthropy and



followed in its mission of love by the prayers of pious hearts. The voluntary contributions of an extensive charity thus dispensed, a fitting commentary on the coarse and slanderous misrepresentations of such as Trollope and Marryatt and Dickens, have done, and we are persuaded will do much to cement the friendly ties which now bind us to our brethren over the waters. But while we are exempt ourselves from the ills of pestilence and famine, we are immersed in the midst of a foreign war. True; it is a war in which every effort of our arms is signalized by a glorious triumph. During the past month we have received the intelligence of a brilliant victory on the hard fought field of Buena Vista, and more recently of the surrender of the boasted tower of Mexican strength. But these triumphs have been dearly won, by the sacrifice of precious blood. Yet it is not from the dead and dying on the battle plain that we derive the most vivid impressions of the evils of war. It is rather around the deserted fireside of home, in the shrieks of the widow and the sobs of the orphan that we read the misery occasioned by the conflict of armies. It is there that, unseen by the public eye, the blows fall the heaviest; and it is there that the bursting heart and the broken spirit attest most truly the havoc of the battle. God grant that an honorable peace may soon leave us a happy people.

Recalling our wandering thoughts to objects nearer home, we find an universal stillness brooding in our midst. The face of the waters has been agitated by angry winds but the rough waves have subsided and all is calm and still again. We might enlarge upon recent events, but we have no disposition to recall recollections fraught with any but the purest pleasure. We might indulge in reflections naturally suggested by the approaching graduation of our class, but our limited space forbids it, and we are admonished that we would be infringing upon the prerogatives of another. One more number of this periodical is to be issued under the editorial supervision of our class, and we defer till then the indulgence of such thoughts. At present we can only hold a hasty chat with our correspondents. To those whose effusions have passed the ordeal of editorial criticism, it is unnecessary to say aught, save to thank them for their favors. We would have the others bear in mind that editors no less than critics are fallible. Let them not be disheartened by their ill-fortune, but only stimulated to the greater diligence. A Byron for the publication of his *Hours of Idleness*, was denounced as an author of no genius, yet though the denunciation fell from Jeffrey's Quarterly, it only provoked the bitterest satire in the

English language. Had it not been for an unfavorable critique upon the ill-digested verses of his early youth, the author of *Childe Harold* had possibly, ere this, have slept in an unhonored, because unknown, grave. But poor Keats sensitive to the first rude breath, when denied by the malignity of party the credit he deserved, with his bright hopes just blighted in the budding, sank unresistingly beneath the shafts of the cruel reviewer, leaving as the record of his fame but enough to make us sigh that there is no more.

We regret our inability to publish "Success." It is crowded out by excess of matter, but may appear in our next. B's essay on Language exhibits talent which should be cultivated, but we are compelled to exclude it. "The Lamentations of a rejected Lover," are pathetic in the extreme. From personal experience we know nothing of sorrows like to his, though we fancy they are acute enough. Doubtless the following specimen of his "Lamentations" will arouse the sympathy of our readers—

"And what is more, oft when alone, with tearful, downcast eyes,  
Her soft cheek resting 'gainst my own, her voice half choked with sighs,  
She's laid her head upon my breast,  
And there in broken words confessed,  
Love's all endearing ties.  
And said—the vixen! that to part  
From me would almost break her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, 'tis too much! does she suppose we men were made to sigh,  
And beg and kneel and cringe to those who idly pass us by,  
And tear our very heart-strings from us;  
I'll sue her for a breach of promise,  
I'll lay my damage high,  
I'll teach her that these same flirtations,  
Are d—d expensive recreations."

X. in "his wrecked craft" strives too much after beauty alone. Let him write with equal ability on a less fanciful subject and we will be glad to hear from him.

The following has been handed to us, which we insert with pleasure.

DEAR EDITOR:—In looking over my literary scrap bag of odds and ends the other day I detected these few lines, and being suddenly struck with their peculiar beauty, forthwith I concluded to send them to your Editors' table. Well do I remember the occasion on which they were perpetrated! Believe me, Mr. Editor, they came right from the heart. Oh if you had only seen that ham! It was enough to draw poetry from a turnip, and the following effusion (with all due modesty be it said) will well compare with all the Grecian melodies extant—

TO THE LADY WHO SENT THAT HAM TO NO. 29 —  
COLLEGE.

O Lady, lady, when you sent  
That ham to 29,  
You ought to seen how quick it went—  
Like taters 'fore a swine.  
Your heart would joy if but you know'd  
The glee you throwed us into,  
When round that ham, we puffed and blowed—  
The biggest spree I've been to.

O Lady, lady when we saw  
That ham done up so brown,  
Our tender hearts, like snow did thaw—  
Right in our shoes ran down.  
We thought we never, never seen  
A richer looking ham,  
We thought there'd never, never been  
A kinder one than you—maam.

O Lady, lady oft we call  
Your kindness o'er and o'er,  
We've scratched your name all on our wall,  
We've chalked it on our door.  
And when we think of that there ham,  
And all them sugar cakes,  
Our heart, it goes right slip, slap-bam-slam,

And every joyful feeling of our generous nature in the  
delirious expression of our happy soul partakes!!!

We give the above as we received it. The last line we should emphatically call

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

That "Eugene" and "Romeo" are two different individuals we need no farther assurance than the perusal of their respective pieces. Yet we wonder not at the disclaimer of identity on the part of the former. Wherein the merit of Romeo's lines consist we are unable to discover. They certainly are not poetry and at the best would pass for indifferent prose. Eugene's contribution has the merit of smooth versification, if none other. We regret, however, that we cannot insert it. All other communications are rejected. One precious morceau of original poetry lies upon our table, which we must insert ere we close.

Oh D—— dear! how can I express  
The burning passion within my breast,  
For you from whom I ne'er could part;  
Should heaps of treasure at my feet be laid,  
For you in whose presence I delight,  
And the smiles of whose countenance bright,  
Form my greatest earthly pleasure.

To which affecting lines a poetical friend has volunteered the following reply :

Oh dear, oh dear, what have I here,  
Some poetry from J——y dear,  
He sings of love, just like a dove,  
And swears he'll ne'er desert her ;  
But if she trusts to J——'s false faith,  
And takes his word for truth,  
She'll find herself dejected,  
Heart broken and rejected,  
For J—— is false as sin, sir.

We have to acknowledge the reception of the February and March Nos. of the *Yale Literary* ; of the February and April Nos. of " *The Literary Record and Journal of the Linnaean Association, of Pennsylvania College.*" The former has long been our most welcome visitant, and it gives us no little pleasure to add the latter to our exchange list. The neatness of its mechanical execution and the high order of its literary merits, challenges our admiration and must ensure a large share of public favor. We fear our fair friends of the *Lowell Offering* have forgotten us. Upon recurring to our back numbers, we find no acknowledgement of the reception of their periodical for many months. Why is this ? We cannot believe that it has been already numbered among "the things that were" ; but hope soon to be favored with the most convincing evidence of its existence.